

(REVISED)

WEAF

CAMEL CARAVAN

PROGRAM #37

BOB CROSBY'S MUSIC SHOP

()
10:00 - 10:30 P.M.

MARCH 9, 1940

SATURDAY

HARRY: Here's the Saturday night Camel Caravan, rolling up to -
Bob Crosby's Music Shop! Music with a heartbeat, by
Bob Crosby and Mildred Bailey! And as the Music
Shop door swings open --

(TINKLE OF SHOP BELL & LIGHT DOOR OPEN & CLOSE)

--the band swings into "What's the Matter with Me."

So clap hands - here comes Crosby!

(BAND: "WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH ME")

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HARRY: Yes, it's Bob Crosby and Company, with Mildred Bailey! All lined up behind the demonstration counters of Bob Crosby's Music Shop. And all brought to you by the slow-burning cigarette that gives you the extras- extra mildness, extra coolness, extra flavor, and extra smoking...Camel Cigarettes!

BOB: Count me in on that, Harry Holcombe, and ~~so say we all~~. You can start passing the Camels around right now--you've got a customer headed this way.

(TINKLE OF SHOP BELL AND DOOR OPENS AND CLOSES)

BOB: Good evening, young lady, Why so pensive?

GIRL: I'm the one who telephoned. You haven't forgotten your promise?

BOB: Why of course not! First of all, come right over to our song counter and meet Mildred Bailey. Mildred, this is somebody who's terribly lonely.

GIRL: But you understand, Miss Bailey. There's a certain song you sing called "It's a Blue World". And I can tell by the way you sing it that you know how it is.

MILDRED: Yes, ^{I'm afraid I do.} ~~I really do.~~

BOB: Well, Tell me-- did you bring your favorite fella's picture?

GIRL: Yes-here.

BOB: Say-he's a good looking boy! Now look, you just have a seat right here in the big chair. That's right--with his picture beside you on the table - and the ~~lamp~~ turned low.

(more)

BOB: (Cont'd)

For you, Little Miss Somebody - and for hundreds with heartaches just like yours - Mildred Bailey sings the song you've all asked to hear again. "It's A Blue, Blue World."

(MILDRED BAILEY... "IT'S A BLUE WORLD")

BOB: *I certainly enjoyed that, Mildred*
~~You certainly tied that up with blue ribbons, Mildred.~~

(TINKLE OF BELL & DOOR OPEN & CLOSE)

Say
~~Ah,~~ good evening, young man. What can we do for you?

KID: I'm from the Little Nookery Book Bindery. You the fellow who ordered a new binding for this old year-book?

BOB: That's right. Crosby's the name. Let's have a look at it.

(UNWRAPS BOOK)

Mighty nice gold lettering. "Year Book, 1925, Webster Junior High, Spokane." And say, just look at these old snapshots! There's my old Stutz Bearcat. And here's *Joe Kearney and Mac Cross*
~~Broopy Gallagher and Soopy Waters~~ in their strip-flivver.

KID: Don't tell me people rode around in beat-up jalopies like that!

BOB: Why son, a boy's best friend was his flivver. With "So's Your Old Man" painted on the hood, and "Open All Night" on the spare tire. And ~~such~~ *looker here* -- here's a picture of Orville McGutney.

KID: McGutney? Who's he?

BOB: My worst friend. I must show our eight Bobcats that snapshot. Orville used to murder one of their favorite numbers. "All By Myself." He sang it between the acts of the high school play, and practically emptied the auditorium. Then a freshman stage-hand dropped the curtain on his head and practically emptied this world of Orville. So it's with a sigh for my flaming youth that I say - Customers, our eight-man Band-within-a-band, the Bobcats, *And they* take us back to the roaring twenties to the tune of "All By Myself."

(BOBCATS: "ALL BY MYSELF")

BOB: And now customers, by the magic of this modern miracle called Radio, we transport you to our Music Shop roof....

(FAST SLIDE WHISTLE)

(HAMMERING IN FULL AND FADE)

Why, it's our Music Shop's chief accountant, Harry Holcombe. He's putting up a weather-vane. How's it blowing, ^{up there} Harry?

(COMMERCIAL)

HOLCOMBE: North, East, South and West -- from Maine to California -- there's one burning question on cigarettes. The question is:

MAN'S VOICE: Does your cigarette burn fast or is it slower-burning?

HOLCOMBE: ^{Well,} Here's what Camel smokers say on the subject. Up in Maine, Owen Harding, the veteran guide, reports:

1ST MAN'S VOICE: I pick my cigarette for slow burning because I want more mildness and coolness. Camels burn slower so I smoke Camels. They give me more pleasure per puff, and more puffs per pack.

HOLCOMBE: Out in California, John I. Wagner, ace test pilot, tells what slower-burning Camels means to him in extra pleasure. He says:

2ND MAN'S VOICE: I'm a steady smoker -- and Camel is one cigarette that never tires my taste after a day's smoking.

HOLCOMBE: And from the middle west, from Indiana, Bob Hamilton, well-known golfer, says:

3RD MAN'S VOICE: Camel's slower burning to me means better smoking and more of it. I like that extra smoking in Camels because it's so tasty.

HOLCOMBE: Yes, there's extra pleasure and extra smoking when your cigarette is slower burning. Impartial tests show that Camel's slower burning amounts to a smoking plus equal on the average to five extra smokes per pack. So get the extras in smoking -- extra mildness, extra coolness, extra fine flavor, and extra smoking per pack. Get Camels! Right, Bob Crosby!

BOB: Right, Harry, This is the place where I tell the customers that our good friend Jimmy van Heusen has just turned out another beautiful ballad. The words are by Johnny Burke. And it's called "Shake Down the Stars". You'll find our recording of it on display at your local music shop this week. And *✓ certainly hope you like it.* And I'd like to sing it for you right now myself. Here 'tis "Shake Down the Stars".

(BOB "SHAKE DOWN THE STARS")

HARRY: Rbbert, that was really ready and right rememberful. And here comes a customer with handle-bar moustachios!

(SOUND: TINKLE OF BELL AND DOOR OPENS AND CLOSES)

GAY BLADE:(SINGS) "My gal's a corker
She's a New Yorker--

BOB: (PICKS IT UP) "Bets on the races
Cause She told me so..."

BLADE: Great blazes, Mr. Crosby! How do you know that old song?

BOB: Why just step into our Music Shop's Gay Nineties Booth, You'll find what has been called a super-abundance of dear old ditties. Look - here's "After the Ball--" *Was Over*

BLADE: *Yes six* Oh, and "Daddy Wouldn't Buy Me a Bow Wow".

BOB: Here's one we demonstrate in Dixieland style, "Over the Waves".

BLADE: *Well,* Bless my stars and garters! "Over the Waves!" *Why that* Takes me back to an auto race in 1895, Out Chicago way. It was a big event- nationally advertised.

BOB: *Tell me,* How many horseless-buggies were there in that race?

BLADE: *Well,* Believe it or not, there were six! It was a 53-mile course - and the winner made it in 10 hours and 23 minutes.

BOB: ~~The daredevil!~~ *Oh, a speed maniac.*

BLADE: That night we had a cotillion, The winner waltzed with my wife to the tune of "Over the Waves".

BOB: Well ~~choose~~ ^{get} yourself a partner, sir. Here in our Music Shop we're waltzing into our Dixieland arrangement of that same, "Over the Waves".

(BAND: "OVER THE WAVES")

BOB: *Say,* Turn up the lights in Booth Two, fellows - couple of customers headed this way.

(TINKLE OF SHOP BELL & DOOR OPEN & CLOSE)

Come right in, Madame. And good evening to you, sir.

MRS: Did you get our wire, Mr. Crosby?

MR: We're the couple from Dayton, Ohio....

MRS: Celebrating our wooden wedding anniversary --

MR: By this trip to New York.

BOB: Oh sure. But tell me this. In your wire, you asked us to play our theme song, "Summertime," because you said it belongs to you.

MR: *Yes,* That's right. You see, 'Porgy and Bess' was the first show we ever went to as Mr. and Mrs.

MRS: So every time we hear those few bars of "Summertime" you play as you close your Music Shop, it takes us back to that night at the Alvin Theater. Me in my trousseau --

MR: *Yes,* ~~and~~ me in that full dress suit that's too small for me now.

MRS: And we said to ourselves, on this trip to New York we'll go to Bob Crosby's Music Shop and tell him we want to hear that song all the way through.

MR: I guess it sounds kind of sentimental, Mr. Crosby.

BOB: *Yes,* Well believe me, we're sentimental about "Summertime" ourselves. I'll always be grateful to George Gershwin for letting us use it as our theme. And I think customers everywhere would like to hear it all the way through. Specially when Mildred Bailey is here to put it on display in our Music-with-a-Heartbeat Department. Don't get the idea that we're closing up the Music Shop when you hear our theme song now. Because we'll be filling more orders in just a few minutes. ^{But} Right now, here's Mildred Bailey singing "Summertime."

(MILDRED BAILEY: "SUMMERTIME")

SECOND COMMERCIAL

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HOLCOLME: Extra mildness - extra coolness -- extra fine flavor -- and extra smoking per cigarette per pack. Those are the extras in pleasure and value that go with Camel's matchless combination of costlier tobaccos and slower way of burning. And just by smoking Camels, you can tell that Camels are slower burning...that they smoke cooler, milder...that they last longer, and give you more actual smoking for your money. Independent laboratory tests are on record showing that Camels burned twenty-five per cent slower than the average of fifteen other ^{of} ~~of~~ the largest-selling brands. That means Camels give a smoking plus equal, on the average, to FIVE EXTRA SMOKES PER PACK.

MAN'S VOICE: Mr. Holcombe, where I live we have a state cigarette tax now in effect. We Camel smokers figure that we save the cost of that added tax through smoking Camels. When you like Camels the way I do, it's mighty nice to get that economy, too.

HOLCOMGE: And there are plenty of others who feel the same way -- for slower-burning Camels are America's favorite cigarette. Penny for penny, Camels are your best cigarette buy! What now, Bob Crosby!

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BOB: Well, now we go Dutch, Harry.

HARRY: You mean we eat?

BOB: Later, Harry, later. I want to tell the customers about a real tribute ^{that} we've just received. You know, here in our Pure Dixieland Department, our thoughts usually turn down the Mississippi to New Orleans. But this week, a letter has come to your Music Shop from halfway round the world. Yes sir, all the way from Holland.

HARRY: Holland? That's where they slice Edam cheese paper thin- and serve it with cold cuts, Bob -- Dutch sausage and....

BOB: *Look here* Will you stop imagining things, Harry? This is the real McCoy. The letter is signed Henry van Leer. And Henry's the leader of an orchestra known in Holland as the Bright Sparks. He says that Music Shop time is about 3 a.m. along the Zuyder Zee. And every Saturday night at this time, he and his band pack up their instruments - and tune in to our Music Shop on short wave radio.. Henry says - "We especially go for your Dixieland demonstrations We make notes and try to play the way Bob Haggart and Matty Matlock arrange." So for the boys around that short wave set in Holland, here's a Pure Dixieland thriller - "Panama." All set, fellows? "Panama!"

(BAND: "PANAMA")

(BAND. THEME)

(APPLAUSE)

BOB: (ON CUE) Yes, it's our theme song "Summertime," and that means goodnight time. Till we meet again next Saturday night, may the listenin' be easy.^{This is} Bob Crosby saying take it easy.

HARRY: Remember the CAMEL Caravan brings you two other great shows each week...on Monday night, the radio version of the famous comic strip "Blondie". You'll chuckle with Blondie at Dagwood's struggle with his Income Tax. And at lunchtime next Saturday it's Ladies Day on the Camel Caravan. Don't miss Luncheon at the Waldorf, with Ilka Chase and her distinguished guests.

On Saturday night, join us again here in Bob Crosby's Music Shop, with Mildred Bailey. They're all brought to you by the slow-burning cigarette that gives you extra mildness extra coolness, extra flavor...and extra smoking in every pack...Camel cigarettes! This is Harry Holcombe saying - goodnight till Saturday night!

(THEME AND APPLAUSE UP AND OUT.)

ANNOUNCER: If you want the real joys of pipe-smoking...the extra mildness -- the rich smooth body and subtle tastes of choice tobacco -- then be sure you smoke the cooler-burning pipe tobacco...smoke Prince Albert. In recent laboratory "smoking bowl" tests, Prince Albert burned eighty-six degrees cooler than the average of the thirty other of the largest-selling brands tested -- coolest of all! Prince Albert is the National Joy Smoke. There's no other tobacco like it.